Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, February 14, 1918 Number 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

AMERICA AND HER ALLIES.

A New National Hymn

Tune: Materna

O Land of lands, my Fatherland, the beautiful, the free,
All lands and shores to freedom dear are ever dear to thee;
All sons of Freedom hail thy name, and wait thy word of
might,
While round the world the lists are joined for liberty
and light.

Hail sons of France, old comrades dear! Hail Britons
brave and true!
Hail Belgian martyrs ringed with flame! Slavs fired with
visions new!
Italian lovers mailed with light! Dark brothers from
Japan!

From East to West all lands are kin who live for God
and man.
Here endeth war! Our bands are sworn! Now dawns
the better hour
When lust of blood shall cease to rule, when Peace shall
come with power;
We front the fiend that rends our race and fills our homes
with gloom!
We break his scepter, spurn his crown, and nail him in
his tomb!

Now, hands all round, our troth we plight to rid the
world of lies,
To fill all hearts with truth and trust and willing sacrifice;
To free all lands from hate and spite and fear from strand
to strand;
To make all nations neighbors and the world one Father-
land!

—*Washington Gladden.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1918 NUMBER 24

NATURE'S MASTERMAN: ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him there is no beauty we should desire him . . . Therefore will I divide him a portion with the Great, because he hath poured forth his soul unto death. Isaiah 53:2-12.

Fair Nature's sculptor paused one day and sadly looked around
At myriad forms of human clay in which her gifts were bound;
Rulers and statesmen militant cumbered the hall of Fame
But not a single occupant seemed worthy of the name.

When, suddenly, her saddened face shone with surpassing light,
She spoke: "This is the time and place to mold a Man aright."
A soldier's courage she combined with boundless sympathy,
And (boon to slaves of all mankind) great love of liberty.

From blighting prejudice and spite she drew no single grain,
In Nature's champion of right you look for them in vain.
She searched not Harvard halls nor Yale for wisdom's germ refined
But sought a lowly backwoods trail among Earth's common kind.

For there she found no kingly stock, no pride of ancestry,
No kin from hallowed Plymouth Rock, no vaunted pedigree.
The Sculptor formed her mould of clay, a rugged, manly frame;
A Masterman was wrought that day: 'twas Lincoln! bless his name.

THE GRAND CHORUS

To him who found the People's heart and gently touched the strings,
Who nobly swayed the chorus part and loved the common things:
The nation mingles prayerful psalm with notes of praise and song;
A chorus, Father Abraham, a hundred million strong!

—*James Austin Murray.*

"Why not keep the railroads?" is a question raised by the *Public,* a question that will call for much thinking before it is answered in the negative.

Dr. David Starr Jordan in a recent number of the *Public* has a good word for the German university. He claims that "a large number of professors, each distinguished in his own way, signed a remarkable document embodying the chief falsehoods promulgated by the German government. . . . There are professors in Germany who are world-patriots, rising above the 'herd-impulses' of narrow nationalism to the free air of the patriotism of humanity." A learned friend and teacher recently contended that Prussia, geographically distinguished from Germany, never has produced any eminent name in literature, science or reform; that its citizens have never escaped from the domination of the battle lordships of medieval times. How is this? Has there ever any good thing come from this deplorable and much despised Nazareth? Is the Angel of History content with the scholarship that dismisses all Prussians as a bad lot under the name "Huns"?

The enthusiasm of many Jewish leaders over the prospect of the restoration of Israel, now that Syria has been wrenched from the grasp of Islam, should be tempered by the suggestion of our neighbor, Dr. Hirsch, who noticed that the Crescent was replaced by the Cross and not by the Star of Judea over the temple domes of Jerusalem, and that perhaps a Jewish Republic would find itself more harassed by "Christian" anxiety, interference and missionary zeal than they have been in the past by Mohammedan interference. The Zionist wave has swept over the Jewish world, but the intelligent Jew will stop to sincerely consider whether or not his greater opportunity and highest liberty is to come from trying to raise another political flag to dispute with the Cross and the Crescent its right to possess territory already claimed as sacred ground by both Christian and Mohammed. Perhaps the Jew has had a profound training for a higher destiny. Jewish patriotism is for ideals and not for territory, its nation is international, and wherever it finds an opportunity to think, work and serve there it finds its Holy Ground, its "native land."

The Unitarian Church of Sioux City, Iowa, now under the lead of its new minister, Reverend Charles E. Snyder, on January 6th had a special service to which "isolated liberals" in the surrounding territory were cordially invited. In spite of forbidding weather some attended and many responded. This is a suggestion worthy the consideration of other churches of the open faith if, in spite of the growing tolerance of the so-called orthodox preachers and the amelioration of the dogmatic spirit in creed-founded churches, there still is a vast number of people in our country, who like Abraham Lincoln have never seen their way clear to join any of the available churches on account of their creeds, and are waiting for the church of the Golden Rule to which they would gladly belong. It is a high, constructive work, an inspiring missionary opportunity to gather in the isolated, the suspected, the homeless souls into a spir-

itual fellowship of organized freedom, the sanctities of the open mind.

Naturally the *Congregationalist* comes to the rescue of the American ministry from the charge made by the Reverend Joseph H. Odell's article in the *Atlantic* for February, pointing out that the spiritual leadership during this war has passed into the hands of laymen, such as Lord Bryce, H. G. Wells, J. M. Beck and others. The *Congregationalist* offers as proof against this charge the names of ministers who have been most ferocious in their belligerency, such as Drs. Hillis, Van Dyke and others. It assumes that spiritual leadership and Christianity reaches in these directions. Perhaps both the writer of the article in the *Atlantic* and of the editorial in the *Congregationalist* have missed the message of the spirit in the present crisis and failed to interpret Christianity at its highest. Perhaps the sword they wield would hardly grace the body of the Christ they worship.

Not all heroisms are confined to the trenches. What valiant heroism, what youthful courage, is displayed by the great Dr. Gladden who, in the eighty-second year of his age, is learning to write with his left hand and contributing a poem every Sunday morning for the "Church Calendar." Dr. Gladden, upon the departure of Dr. Patton for his new charge in Los Angeles last November, resumed temporary responsibility for his old pulpit in Columbus, Ohio. He preached twice every Sunday until a few weeks ago when he was smitten. His right side became helpless and his speech was slightly affected. But still he stays on the fighting line. His valiant spirit cheapens the weapons of force, glorifies the armor and the armament of the spirit. He is in the line of the invincible conquerors. The kingdom of God on earth is being established through him and such as he.

The United States Census shows that the brewers in 1917 used approximately over 3,220,000 tons of coal. This is said to be three and one-half times as much coal as the bakers used. Then there is the vast waste of grain, rice and glucose, and the 160,000 cars used for transporting the beer. But the most serious waste of all is the waste of man power. We gladly join with the Unitarian Temperance Society, of which John Haynes Holmes is president, in petitioning the President, who already has displayed so much power in initiating war measures, to take one step more to commandeer all whiskey and stop all brewing. While he is thus working for a dry nation here he should ask for a dry army over there. The British Board of Liquor Control it is said found that forty per cent of the investigated intoxication in 1916 was the result of beer and stout drinking, which run from three to eight per cent only in alcohol. Light wines run from six to twelve per cent. If the President for any reason feels that he cannot act in this matter, then it is an opportunity for Congress to take the initiative. Every reader of UNITY enjoys the right to write to the President, Senator or Congressman on this subject. We hope the "right" will assume the efficiency of a "duty."

Miss Blanche Watson has an interesting contribution in the *Public* for February 8, entitled "The Open Forum Approach to Democracy," in which she traces its growth from its inception by Charles Sprague Smith at the Cooper Union in New York to its maximum potency reached in the Ford Hall work in Boston. Comparing this "Forum Movement" with the Lyceum movement of fifty years ago, she states that under the Lyceum order the audience "thankfully accepted" whatever came over the edge of the platform, "but the Forum audience has contracted a habit of thinking for itself, and asking questions." This, to Miss Watson's mind and ours is a great advance. But she will probably agree with us that much questioning is possible without much thinking, and that it depends to some extent on who is passing the thing over the "edge of the platform." When an Emerson, George William Curtis or a Theodore Parker was on the platform the audience might well give them all the time, and the listeners were provoked by them to too much thinking to be eager to get on their feet. Questions seeking for more light are a powerful addition to the lecture, but the Forum Movement work is in danger often of degenerating into a sparring match. An intellectual pugilist is a step higher than the physical pugilist, but he belongs to the same class. There is a better way. "Debates" belong to the schoolboy stage of development and they generally result in confirming each mind in its previous convictions, encasing the same with an added deposit of dogmatism. Investigation, examination, comparison of views are all possibilities of the Forum, and the wise management will see to it that it will never be allowed to degenerate into an intellectual Valhalla where the contestants rejoice in hacking each other to pieces, knowing that when the scrimmage is over the broken pieces will reunite promptly ready for another bout. Wisdom is seldom advanced by debate. Let truth seekers and truth tellers beware of the sophomoric questions that can be resolved into two sides, an "affirmative" and a "negative."

A Father to the Afflicted

The Open Court for January contains a most timely and valuable sketch with portrait of Henry Dunant, Father of the Red Cross organization, reproduced above through the courtesy of that journal. It is translated from the German of Dr. Drindbürg, pastor of the church in Strassburg.

His long life of over eighty years was devoted to science and to humanity. He never knew the com-

HENRI DUNANT,
Founder of the Red Cross.

forts and consolations of a family of his own, and in lieu thereof he adopted the whole human family. In his youth he became interested in the poor and prison convicts, nourished his spirit by reading the life of John Williams, the South Sea Island missionary, Uncle Tom's Cabin and the life of Florence Nightingale.

On the battlefield of Solferino in 1859 he was "the man in white" who moved about among the 40,000 dead and wounded, and persuaded the peasants to help Austrian as well as French sufferers. The book that contained his experiences urged that humanity and Christianity demand an international agreement to assuage the horrors of war. He devoted himself to the task of bringing about the Geneva Conference which laid the foundations of the Red Cross movement. He circularized all the ministers of war in Europe, an unprecedented act for a man in private life. Fourteen governments sent official delegates to this conference, into which it it is a matter of history that the United States came reluctantly, the hand of Dorothea Dix, a woman, finally removing the barriers.

Has the Red Cross forgotten its inspiration and abandoned the ideals of its founder? Over and above the inspirations of knitting and bandage-making should be the supreme inspirations of love that in the presence of any suffering forgets to hate, that realizes that the agony of souls as well as the torture of human flesh makes all men brothers and all nations kin.

War and Sacrifice

In the early pages of recorded history we find war still dominant and as ever surrounded by an atmosphere of superstition. Warriors consulted augurs or oracles to know whether or not the gods would grant victory. In Greece, the highest developments of poetry and art arose alongside of an elaborate system of mythology. The mountains and forests were peopled with gods and demigods, most of them possessing little of divine dignity to offset their many human frailties.

In all regions, Greece, Judea, Western Europe, before the coming of Christianity, men believed that victory in war came by favor of the gods. To secure their intercession, the king or the war-lord must offer up as a sacrifice the one who was nearest to him, wife or son or daughter. And the bravest man was the one who could stand by the altar without tears and without flinching when the "nearest and dearest" was struck down by the sword, cut to pieces and consumed in fire on the altar. This spectacle, intolerably revolting to men of our time, once represented the highest achievement of courage and patriotism. But even this extreme sacrifice was not always successful. Some hero on the other side may have made an equal offering or an equal promise. And later, in all these nations, the poets and the prophets who see things in their real nature, arose to condemn or to ridicule acts so unreal, ineffective and revolting.

It is not hard to show that the practice of burnt offerings was a heathenish survival, and that if the Fates were with them at all, they could not be stimulated to greater activity by gifts of little value such as goats or sheep. But we may mention this, in passing, to show how the early ideals of courage passed away just as those ideals which look to the battle for examples of heroism are destined at last to change. The greatest heroism of our day is found in aiding the helpless and in resisting wrong when it is supported by one's fellow-countrymen. That it is brave or heroic to "go with the crowd," right or wrong, even to death, is a survival of ancient superstition. D. S. J.

The Collapse of Capitalism

The taking over by the national government of the control and operation of the railroads, is a striking commentary on the boasted efficiency of capitalism. For the first time in its history, industrial America is confronted by a "big job." It has an enormous piece of work on its hands which must be accomplished with a minimum of effort, with a maximum of result, without waste, confusion, or delay. Never was there such a challenge to the organized business efficiency of the nation—never such an opportunity to vindicate the essential soundness of the captalistic system as a way of doing things. And yet, from the beginning, the situation has been one not unfairly to be described as that of chaos! The first collapse came in the transportation system, with the result of an immediate resort to state socialism in the form of government control of railroads. Other break-downs, in coal mining, food production and distribution, telegraph and telephone operation, etc., are clearly forecasted by existing conditions. In the United States, as long since in other countries, the whole fabric of industrial life is being socialized in a night, so to speak, simply and solely because of the necessity of getting things done with some degree of efficiency and speed. Capitalism, in other words, has gone to pieces under the first real strain ever put upon it, and has been "scrapped" forthwith.

To those who have studied the inner workings of our existing industrial system, it is an occasion for surprise not that this collapse came suddenly and all at once in time of war, but that it has been so successfully and long avoided in time of peace. Capitalism has always been inefficient from the standpoint of public welfare. The selfish interests of exploitation it has served very well. No better system for the creation of enormous private fortunes, the development of huge monopolistic enterprises, the quick coining of natural resources and human labor into wealth, has ever been devised by the mind of man. It is a tool of unexcelled utility for the strong, the cunning and the adventurous. The only interests which it has never been able to serve are those which comprise what we call the commonweal. Now, all at once, through the stupendous accident of war, these interests have come to the fore as the only ones which count. For the first time in two generations, the public welfare takes precedence over private greed. And lo, the capitalistic system collapses like the One Horse Shay!

Of all the lessons of the Great War, none is perhaps more impressive than this; and none is more certain to be learned and acted upon by the people. Even before the outbreak of this vast struggle of the nations, it was suspected that private industry had some relation to public security and happiness. Now we know that the relation is real. At last we understand that industry can alone justify itself in terms of human service. The standards of efficiency from this time on must be those not of the private individual but of the social whole. Which means that the universal and permanent socialization of our economic system is at hand! The battle of "wealth against commonwealth" has continued long, but it has ended, as every such fight must some day end, with victory for the larger and higher life.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.
Church of the Messiah, New York City.

After the War, War?

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, in a book entitled "Carry On," has given us an illuminating insight into the minds and souls of those who have gone to war, and a clue to our own duty after the war is over. There is no trace of the old glamor of war, or any self-deception concerning its real character. He has torn the last shreds of splendor from it, and shown that the gilded chariot of the past is but the butcher's wagon of the present. The battlefield he refers to as "the barbaric loneliness of hell."

One outstanding emphasis he makes is that this struggle must be the end of war. He says: "No matter what the cost, and how many of us have to give our lives, this war must be so finished that war may be forever at an end." "The only way that this war can be made holy is by making it so thorough that war will be finished for all time." "We lay down our lives that the future generations may be good and kind, and so we can contemplate oblivion with quiet eyes."

There can be no doubt that thousands of our American young men have gone into this conflict with the highest possible motives and ideals. In fact, it would be unfair to impute anything to the contrary to any of the boys who have been willing to give their lives for what they believe to be right and true. It is perhaps the greatest tragedy of all that such high purpose should be devoted to the chaos and cruelty of war.

It is a fact, as Lieutenant Dawson has shown, that one stimulating thought that led men to make the supreme sacrifice was that by so doing war might be forever ended. They had been told that our opponents represented militarism and the spirit of war, and that for the sake of humanity it must be forever annihilated and abolished. All will remember that at a certain stage in the development of public opinion in this country, this was the argument most used to inspire the young man to aggressive action.

But it would appear from later developments that such is not the hope or aim of many in this country. Congressman Kahn in a recent address poured contempt upon the pacifists, and declared that some people were such fools as to suppose that this was the last war. Dr. Charles W. Eliot said recently, in discussing President Wilson's fourteen war demands, that this country must maintain a huge army and a huge navy for many years in order to compel the respect of the world and secure its own safety. And it is well known that there is a well defined movement to continue and expand militarism in the United States after the war is over. There is ample reason to believe that militarism, the foe of which the Kaiser is supposed to be the deadly incarnation, is not wholly absent on this side of the sea.

There can be no greater duty than that of digging out the roots of war, and of casting the pernicious weed out of the garden of human life. One can hardly conceive of unfaith so great as not to admit of its possibility. If men were to use a small fraction of the energy they use in the prosecution of war for its abolition, it would soon be an unbelievable nightmare of the past.

At any rate, we cannot escape the dying dreams of the men who have given their lives on the battlefield in order that never more shall human beings thus die and humanity suffer the agonies of war. In imperishable words let the record tell of the multitude of young Christs who have died on the Calvary of conflict in order that men might be forever free of war! How shall any man escape paying that debt? Whatever may be said about being a pacifist now, it is certain that the man who is not a pacifist after the war has scant right to live in a world for whose redemption so many men have died. He is traitor to the dead and the living, to man and to God!

C. W. C.

BELIEVE, O FRIEND!

Impossible you say that man survives
The grave—that there are other lives?
More strange, O friend, that we should ever rise
Out of the dark to walk below these skies.
Once having risen into life and light,
We need not wonder at our deathless flight.

Life is the unbelievable; but now
That this Incredible has taught us how,
We can believe the all-imagining Power
That breathed the Cosmos forth as a golden flower,
Had potence in his breath
To plan us new surprises beyond death—
New spaces and new goals
For the adventure of ascending souls.

Be brave, O heart, be brave:
It is not strange man survives the grave:
'Twould be a stranger thing were he destroyed
Than that he ever vaulted from the void.

In December Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

THE PULPIT

Studies in Modern Mysticism
III.
Theosophy

A New Hinduism of the West

Sermon Preached January 20, 1918, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

Into this upper chamber, Father, may there come this morning a sweet sense of brotherhood with all things fair and good. May there come into our hearts a sense of brooding power, breaking into the crystal glory of the snowflake making it kin to the sweeping planets. In this upper chamber this morning may there come into our hearts a sense of divine presence seeking expression in our highest thought, seeking embodiment in our noblest words as we bow before the inexpressible and ineffable altars of the most lowly as well as the Most High. Amen.

I am going to undertake a dangerous thing this morning; to talk about theosophy. In its organized form it is a home made product. Here we have an American born religion, one of the youngest among the applicants for a place among religious organizations of the world. I am sure there will be those in this presence who will say that I do not know what I am talking about, and I think they are right. I can only try to bring to you a study of a most interesting phenomenon in the series of studies in modern mysticism, as I see it, using the word reverently as an indispensable word in the vocabulary of any one who would study religious experience or interpret the religious life, anywhere and at any time.

Theosophy as an organization is a child of the United States. Its appeal to the public is compassed within my own ministerial experience. I began my public work in 1870. The theosophists succeeded in organizing in New York City in 1875. One of the society's first trustees was a friend of mine, the Rev. J. H. Wiggin, an Unitarian minister of whom I will speak again before we get through this course. While I must speak as an outside student, it is as a sympathetic student from the beginning, and I am still interested. I have tried so far as I could to keep tab on the movement all along. I find my library pretty well stocked with the material put out from year to year and, let me tell the friends who have been kind enough to furnish me material, solicitous that I should draw my information from reliable sources, that I have religiously read everything sent me, most of which I was acquainted with before.

The chronology of theosophy is unquestioned, very simple, but very interesting. We know exactly where it started as an organization of laymen. A Russian lady of very brilliant but checkered career joined with Colonel Olcott, an American who won his title in the service during the war for the Union. Colonel Olcott had established himself as a lawyer in New York City, when he developed into an enthusiastic co-laborer with Madame Blavatsky. A brief study will reveal the fact that without the executive ability, the literary and clerical skill and diligence of Colonel Olcott, "Isis Unveiled," which is the bible of the theosophists, could never have been written. The Theo-

sophical Society was formed in New York City in 1875. "Isis Unveiled," the great fountain head of theosophical literature, appeared two years later. The founders, Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, left the United States in 1878, establishing headquarters in Bombay in 1879. The founders visited Ceylon in 1880 and in 1882 established headquarters in Madras. Madame Blavatsky settled in London in 1885, at which time there were a hundred and twenty-four branches. The American section was formed in 1886 with a hundred and thirty-six branches. Annie Besant joined the movement in 1889 when there were two hundred and six branches. Madame Blavatsky died in London in 1890, at which time there were two hundred and forty-one branches. Colonel Olcott went round the world in 1891 and reported two hundred and seventy-nine European sections.

The American representative who assumed the presidency of the movement at the death of Madame Blavatsky was W. Q. Judge, an Irish-American, a lawyer of New York City. He was tried in London in 1894 by a judicial committee of the theosophist society for some kind of heresy, which I do not understand and have not tried to find out.

The student of theosophy in its organized form will find the list of topics limited. When you have acquainted yourself with the stories of Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, Annie Besant, C. W. Leadbeater, W. Q. Judge and Madame Tingley you have gone the round of the major prophets of theosophy.

On the death of Madame Blavatsky there was a schism that obtains to this day. Mr. Judge assumed control on this side of the water and Annie Besant on the other. The line of descent seems to be, Blavatsky, Judge and Tingley to Point Loma, for one branch of the society; the other, Madame Blavatsky, Olcott, Besant with headquarters in the Orient and American headquarters in Los Angeles. It is fair then to say, so far as executive and creative work is concerned, both branches of the theosophists are now enjoying the sunny climate of southern California.

The first thing that confronts one in this study is that it has been a mysterious and is a mysterious story. It is a curious blend in its origin of American spiritualism and Hindu philosophy and tradition.

Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky met for the first time in a little town in Vermont, both brought thither by a very great sensation in American spiritualism. There the famous Eddy family, as mediums, were drawing students from all parts of the country. The first service that Colonel Olcott was able to give, according to his own account, to the stranger lady was to strike a match to light her cigarette for her. From that there grew up a comradeship whch continued through life and they collaborated in whatever followed.

The story of these people is easily discoverable. You can find their biographies in any encyclopedia. The Colonel himself has told it in great detail and frankness in his remarkable book, "Old Diary Leaves."

Mrs. Annie Besant had a checkered career before she entered the theosophical society. She was married young to the Rev. Frank Besant, a high church Episcopal minister, a brother of the great novelist. After a brief experience they separated, apparently on theological account, she being too heretical to enjoy his Episcopalian creed and liturgy. After the separation she became associated with Bradlaugh, the great freethinker, and with him produced the "Fruits of Philosophy," a book that had a turbulent career which threatened the authors with legal procedure. In 1880 Mrs. Besant joined the socialists, in 1889 she joined the theosophists and in 1891 assumed control of the movement, claiming jurisdiction.

The career of Madame Blavatsky is spectacular to say the least. She was evidently a bundle of surprises and contradictions, of great strength and originality and of powerful weaknesses. I have studied her only along sympathetic lines. Indeed there are no other lines represented in my study or by my reading, and so far as I know myself I have been and am a sympathetic student with larger expectations of the movement than facts at the present time seem to warrant to my intellect. Says Colonel Olcott in his Foreword to "Old Diary Leaves—The true history of the Theosophical Society":

> Karma forbid that I should do her a featherweight of injustice, but if there ever existed a person in history who was a greater conglomeration of good and bad, light and shadow, wisdom and indiscretion, spiritual insight and lack of common-sense, I cannot recall the name, the circumstance or the epoch. To have known her was a liberal education, to have worked with her and enjoyed her intimacy, an experience of the most precious kind. She was too great an occultist for us to measure her moral stature. She compelled us to love her, however much we might know her faults; to forgive her, however much she might have broken her promises and destroyed our first belief in her infallibility.

Further on speaking of her method of writing which produced what friends know to be a most incoherent, incomprehensible mass of startling material shot through and through with vision, or perhaps to the outsider, lack of vision, he says:

> Now she would be writing upon Brahma, anon upon Babinet's electrical "meteor-cat"; one moment she would be reverentially quoting from Porphyrics, the next from a daily newspaper or some modern pamphlet . . . she would be adoring the perfections of the ideal Adept, but diverge for an instant to thwack Prof. Tyndall, or some other pet aversion of hers, with her critical cudgel. Higgledy, piggledy it came in a ceaseless rivulet, each paragraph complete in itself and capable of being excised without harm to its predecessor or successor. Even as it stands now, and after all its recastings, an examination of the wondrous book will show this to be the case.

This is the testimony of one who has had a larger part in the making of the book than public opinion gives him credit for.

He further speaks of her as,

> "Liable to ungovernable fits of passion and showing a deep rooted disposition to rebel against any kind of authoritative control."

Sinnett her biographer, speaks of her as a "rebellious pupil with no love of serious literature, no tendency to libraries." He says that her early years were spent with hunchback goblins and sprites, telling disagreeable secrets, hunting up thaumaturgists in savage and semi-civilized countries.

Colonel Olcott and the Madame lived a kind of Bohemian life in New York City, many people coming and going who were liable to arrive at any time of the day or night. There was a notice posted in the reception room:

> TEA
>
> *Guests will find boiling water and tea in the kitchen, perhaps milk and sugar and will kindly help themselves.*

We have Sinnett's description of O'Donovan the sculptor who has given us a very striking plaque of the Madame which serves as a frontispiece to the book by Colonel Olcott. He would sit with one foot on the chandelier and the other on the mantlepiece while she would swear and call him "an uncurable idiot" and other pet names. She is reported to have been at times profane, sending Philadelphia servants to the devil *en masse,* or "swearing like an army in Flanders but meant no harm." She was inordinately fond of eating, partook of everything that came along and died from obesity and dropsy, weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty pounds. Back of all this there must have been a brain of great activity, a heart full of noble impulses and a most adventurous spirit.

This is the introduction biographically. It is fair to say that the theosophical movement, apart from its founders, has taken on many, many features which its founders themselves did not seem to have grasped. The Theosophists have groped their way into many many visions and many winsome ideas and ideals that are only matters of inference in the writings of the original organizers.

I said that theosophy was a blend of modern spiritualism, oriental philosophy and experience. Its literature abounds in hard words: Mahatmas, Karma, astral, Avesa, Sankalpa, Avatars of Vishnu, Yoga, Yogasana, Tetraktis, Guru, Kamaloka and Devachan. All of them are words familiar only to those who have delved into the literature of this society. Of course I do not know what they mean and I will not try to interpret them because they are technical terms, which only the technically trained have a right to use.

The present movement in America finds its culmination at Point Loma, another headquarters at Los Angeles and it has an energetic headquarters here in Chicago.

The object of the Theosophical Society at the present time as set forth by one of their numerous leaflets which I have and which are available at their headquarters, is threefold, as follows:

> Its three declared objects are: First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Mankind without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color. Second—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science. Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

All of this commands our heartiest endorsement. These are familiar phrases in this place and in all modesty I can say I was at work on them before the Society was, and I beg to believe that I worked for these objects outside of any lines that may be organized in their interest, or of any claims to an exclusive copyright on the same.

The first thing that besets us in the study of this movement is the tendency, not to mysticism but, shall I say, to mystification, to occultism. Theosophy is prone to look for its roots in what to the unconverted seems to be the abnormal, the unnatural. For instance, it seems to formulate its schemes on a purely mythical ethnology. It discovers seven "root-races" in the world, to each of which was originally given a continent in which to exploit itself. In order to have continents enough to go round they made use of Haeckel's Lamuria now situated at the bottom of the Indian Ocean, and the Atlantis of the Greeks now under the waters of the Atlantic. I find no modern books of science outside their own highly specialized literature that lay hold of these "seven root-races." This movement seems to have sprung from a passion, amounting almost to recklessness, for the abnormal, the mysterious and the miraculous.

I have a book in my library which I frequently enjoy and use, Brewer's Dictionary of Miracles, a book of some six hundred pages, packed tight with miracles of all kinds, a book compiled probably before the theosophic contribution to miracle lore, but Madame Blavatsky can beat it anywhere. St. Bridget who, wanting a clothes-line, hung her washing on a sunbeam is easy compared to the things that were accomplished there in New York City while "Isis" was being shaped.

A letter from foreign parts was delivered without the intermediary service of the post-office. Something to amuse a crying child was wanted by the Madame who put her hand round behind a sliding door and took out a wooly lamb mounted on wheels, and we are told there was nothing there before and nothing afterwards.

A dispute arose as to the accuracy of a certain quotation being used during a midnight composition, for we are told most of this work was done in the wee small hours of the night. Colonel Olcott said, "I will look it up tomorrow." Madame Blavatsky said, "Wait, there are the books in the corner." They easily verified the quotation and the next morning there were no books there as there had not been before.

There was a letter to be answered. Colonel Olcott was instructed to put it behind the clock and to keep his eyes on it all the time. An hour later when he drew the letter out he found his own envelope with seal unbroken, inside it another letter the required answer.

Now this may be all so but it goes into a realm that I do not know about and I cannot understand, so I prefer to still believe in the law of gravitation, to trust the swing of the planets, to base my faith on the multiplication table that is reliable. Five times five are twenty-five in all mathematical codes ever made and I know that five times five are twenty-five in India, New York, San Francisco and every city in between.

I do not want to offer this study as a criticism of the movement but I would be disloyal to my mission as a teacher if in trying to grope for a meaning and dignity, for the steadying of life in this twentieth century I did not recognze this side of a movement that makes such large claims for modernity and sanity.

I am afraid to undertake to offer you the material I have at hand. Leadbeater is one of their authorities. I have here his "Outline of Theosophy" which tells us what theosophy does for us. I omit the things that he fails to do for me but I rejoice in his faith:

> We gain from theosophy a rational comprehension of that life which was before for so many of us a mere unsolved problem—a riddle without an answer. From it we know why we are here, what we are expected to do, and how we ought to set to work to do it. We see that, however little life may seem worth living for the sake of any pleasures or profits belonging exclusively to the physical plane, it is very emphatically worth living when regarded merely as a school to prepare us for the indescribable glories and the infinite possibilities of the higher planes.

Another famed and trusted authority on this matter is Irving S. Cooper. I hold in my hand his book entitled "Theosophy Simplified." Therein he pro-

ceeds to try to point out all they know about atoms and electrons, the millions of beings in the mental world, the Devachanic Plane and more things like that.

They seem to have a passion for the number 7. They interpret a good deal of life and the history of the earth in sevens and for all this they apply ancient and oriental justification. Of course seven as a sacred number lies back of our own Bible texts and in our clumsy way we have tried here to find the reason for the sanctity of seven. But that would not interest them and it is not my business to try to interest you today. But here in this "Simplification of Theosophy," we find this on page thirty-one,

> Whenever a strong emotion or feeling sweeps over a man, the emotional body is stirred to intense activity and from its vibrating matter there flash out those colors which are always associated with that emotion or feeling. Thus anger appears as scarlet, selfishness as a hard brown, fear as a livid grey, sympathy as a bright apple-green, love as a tint of rose, devotion as blue, and so on. The study of these colors and their correspondences to the changes of consciousness is one of the most interesting of the many aspects of Theosophy. . . The vibrations which accompany intellectual activity emit a yellow light, which varies in hue from a strong orange yellow in a commonplace, selfish type of mind, to the beautiful primrose yellow of the philosophical mind of an advanced man.

I do not know what your color is but I am in the habit of ascribing a different kind of feeling to blues. Perhaps this is the proper attitude of mind when we are sufficiently initiated.

A friend has kindly sent me four or five pages of quotations from a book of Leadbeater which book I do not have at hand. It would be very interesting to you and quite within my purpose if time permitted to read the passages from Leadbeater which would lead us along this line. Perhaps I will take time to read this much because it leads us into some kind of suggestion of what is the dominant source of inspiration of all these books. There is assumed some kind of a combination in the background which they call "Masters," sometimes "Brothers" and they are somehow associated with the "Mahatmas." They are "leaders" who have had an earthly experience, have passed on now and are directing our destinies. Without giving the connection, the teaching is:

> To illustrate exactly what is meant, let us take the case of the previous holder of this office, whom we know as the Lord Gautama. He was technically the Bodhisattiva of the Atlantean or fourth root-race, and in that he incarnated many times under different names through a period spreading over several hundreds of thousands of years; but though his special work thus lay with the fourth root-race, he was in charge of the religions of the whole world, and consequently he did not neglect the fifth root-race. In the earlier part of the history of each of its sub-races he appeared and founded a special religion. In the first sub-race he was the original Vyasa; the name which he bore in the second sub-race has not been preserved in history. In the third sub-race he was the original Zoroaster, the first of a long line who bore that name. For the great religion of Egypt he was Thoth—called by the Greeks Hermes Trismegistus, Hermes the Thrice-Greatest, and among the early Greeks of the fourth sub-race he was Orpheus the Bard, the founder of their mysteries.

Coming down the line there is a place for Jesus while as I understand it, Pythagoras seems to be now in charge of the movement. The headquarters at Los Angeles is called Krotona which was the favored home of Pythagoras where he lived and where he suffered martyrdom.

I cannot go farther into this mystical field, the mysticism of which you will see it is impossible to eliminate from the great purposes now set forth by those most interested in theosophy. More and more the present leaders of the movement are trying to direct their energies to the universal matters that interest beyond the range of their occultism. May I say that the best theosophists are those who are least interested in "theosophy" technically speaking. I am very much interested in the attempt to bring these far off revelations down to date and to apply the same to the problems of the life of today. I can but believe that there is a lot of theosophical junk as there is a lot of theological junk and that we could make better headway if we rid ourselves of the incumbrances.

I am sure that I will be told that I "do not know what I am talking about." I think they are right. I do not and cannot go beyond my vision and experience, but there are some things that I think that I do know and let us see how far we can go in this matter.

In the first place, a study of this movement growing largely out of non-churchly material, precipitating itself towards organization along religious lines, shows what a "joining" animal man is. If you are anything you are all "jiners" in these days. What a passion we have for organizations! What superstitious reverence we have for "constitutions and by-laws!" What large faith we have in "committees." What a relief it is when a "committee" reports its "preamble and resolutions," how much more respectable we feel, as if we had done something, as though we had gotten somewhere when this report is accepted. Theosophy is one more indication of the passion of the nineteenth century for organization. How we dote on "Clubs" and "Lodges" and "Fraternities."

In this connection how we love symbols in our non-ecclesiastical fashion. The profane man who swears at the Bible is loaded down with lodge and fraternity trimmings of Biblical warrant and interpretation. He has symbols at his tongue's end. How we like "emblems" and "badges," "flags" and "banners"! I am not saying whether this is good or bad, but I am only recognizing it as a symptom of the human activities of today.

There is also here illustrated the old time, ever lasting passion for mystery. The human soul standing on this little ledge of mortal time is more or less conscious of the infinite behind him and the infinite ahead of him. Happy indeed is he if by any excuse or device he can seem to break through the besetting wall of finiteness and human limitations on either hand.

I am glad if by any device the human soul may discover at least a sanctity in India, a revealing presence in the naked cabinet at the seance, a divine hand extended through the cracks and crannies of this world but I am sorry when it fails to feel the infinite presence in things near and dear the revelations of the *now* and the *here*.

I am by confession as well as by constitution incompetent to properly estimate this occult material. Long ago I tried to be a good lodge member, on the theory that if a minister is to get hold of men he must go where they are and do what they do. I did reach in a certain order the stage where I was called a "Grand Patriarch," or something like it, but I could not remember the grips. I was always forgetting the passwords until I was a weariness to myself and

I fear to others. I have never been able to wear rings on my fingers. I have a key that belongs to the Phi Beta Kappa somewhere up stairs but I can't wear it. There is something in me that recoils when a man comes to me and begins to feel around for my wrist or proceeds to count my fingers in order to find the lodge finger.

I do not need his special grip, I prefer to take his common manliness. So you see I am hopelessly plebeian. I am too well satisfied with the great fraternity of the out-of-doors. I am kept busy in trying to interpret the symbolism of the sun that can be trusted and the light which cannot come into your room without a window or some other opening and in any attempt to shut it in you shut it out.

I may not be prepared to judge of this movement. I simply venture to believe that here is a movement which seems to me destined to outgrow itself. It is at least fair to report, as Colonel Olcott has reported, that nothing was farther from their idea at the beginning than to lay the foundations of a religious fellowship. He tells us that the movement was held in suspension in New York for two or three years while they were considering the possibility of fastening this lore on to the Masonic Order. Even yet they claim that Masonry is allied to theosophy and they aim to make the thirty-fifth degree,—if that is the next number to be "degreed." You see I am stupid and uninitiated in all the "mysterious." I would never seek initiation in any organizations where fellowship is conditioned on carrying with it a certain amount of secret baggage in the way of grips, passwords, mysteries, secrets and messages. To me there can be no claim of brotherhood more profound than that which the Lord of Heaven has placed upon us in this world where life of each is so dependent upon the life of all.

Having said this much, I gladly testify that much of the world's work is being helped along by these mechanical contrivances of the spirit. Am I justified in using the word "mechanical" contrivances that help along memory and promote social activities? Anyhow here we have a widely distributed constituency that is practically catalogued in our denominational reports, in quest for a higher life and for more truth, and I bid them God speed. I greatly rejoice in any and every movement towards the peace of the world, the brotherhood of man.

One of the most memorable and perhaps most effective meetings I have addressed in late years was that held in the Isis Theatre at San Diego the last time I was on the Pacific Coast under the management of the Point Loma people. They brought their magnificent choir down there, they sang the compositions of the Masters with which they had crossed the sea to sing at the International Conference at Stockholm where they found a great and noble conference gathered to promote the peace message. I was received as an honored guest at Point Loma. I was charmed, as everybody must be, who comes into that radiant improvement of radiant nature, a place where there are benignant human additions to the divine benedictions that you find in that summer land. I felt that the forces there were splendidly congenial to life and to love. I found there earnest brothers and sisters, I saw them at work on live problems with skill and with great devotion. And still for the life of me I cannot think of myself as living happily at Point Loma although outwardly speaking it is one of the most heavenly points I have ever found. But I had rather stay on the outside where I belong.

I do not know what the "Mahatmas" are or what the "Masters" have in store for me, but I am going to stay on my present job until I have exhausted the great masters, through whom God's hand has led me to peace and to whatever power I have attained. The "Masters" I am sure of, William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker, Whitman, Browning, Emerson and their splendid brothers and sisters teach me without the help of signs or occult terms. When I start out on my heavenly quest I do not want to have to carry an oriental lexicon along that I may be able to read the guide boards along the road. Whenever and wherever I can find a comrade devoted to human uplift, seeking to free man from the tyranny of sin and the dominating power of the selfish life I will ask for an exchange of courtesies. I will try to share my resources with him.

I can rejoice in the general principles of Theosophy as I understand them but I become stupid very quickly when I come to its special claims of occult doctrines. Dogmatic theology is to be regarded cautiously even when called *Theosophy* rather than *theology*. For instance I have a series of eighteen pretty little twenty-five cent manuals, daintily printed, put forth from the Point Loma center. All the other material I have studied has been from the Krotona center. But these Point Loma books tell of what they call the "Elements of theosophy." Here we are told that "the seven states of matter are: Corpuscular, atomic, gaseous, liquid, living colloid, inanimate colloid and crystalline." The words, Karma, reincarnation, etc., are very fundamental in this material. The first book is given to Elementary Philosophy; the second to the "Seven Principles of Man," the Septenate in Nature, The Lower Quarternary:

1 Physical body, or Sthula Sarira.
2 Astral body or linga Sarira.
3 Vitality, or Prana.
4 Animal Soul, or Kama Rupa,
The Higher Triad.
5 Human Soul or Manas.
6 Spiritual Soul or Buddhi.
7 Spirit, or Atma.

No. 3 Karma, No. 4 Reincarnation, No. 5 Man After Death and so on. No. 17 Earth, No. 18 Sons of the Firemist, A Study of Man and his relation to the anthropoid apes. All of which is very interesting to my mind, a worthy attempt to combine the latest science with the most occult things that have come from far off in time and space.

Two weeks ago, I tried to interest you in the Bhagavad-Gita, an ancient Hindu classic, written perhaps three hundred years before Jesus was born. I like it but I confess to you I would rather have Whitman for inspiration to meet the perplexities of today for this great poem fastened, as Monier Williams told us, the fetters of caste upon the already enslaved Hindu people, perhaps for thousands of years, while Whitman chants the hymn of human brotherhood plain and simple.

So I greet my theosophist friends. I have tried to learn what you know with what poor success you have seen. I confess my limitations but perhaps by the

time we are through this course we may better understand one another, at least I hope you will realize where I stand. Next Sunday I will speak of the Bahai Movement, the Sunday after that if weather and life permit, I will venture to speak of Christian Science and the Sunday following will try to see what is really new in the "New Thought movement," and if I find anything old I "am going to say so." Following that we will face the question of how we may "Realize God" when we will try to see what it all means.

I end as I began by saying that theosophy is to me an incoherent movement, swayed by the passion for the new in the realm of spiritual experience in America, making common cause, freely quoting and plotting with the startling "revelations" of ancient occultism and modern spiritualistic experience.

When its founders went back to India they sought and found congenial comradeship with certain phases of Hindu thought. The Arya Samaj joined issues with them for three years and then it ended in an undignified quarrel. Olcott and his associates were posted on bill boards as charlatans and I think were finally driven out of India. I dare say those recriminations were heartily reciprocated by the other side.

But here we stand, mystery on either hand. Only beset with a superb sense of the sanctity of the Today, only a divine realization of the infinite Presence Here, only a profound preoccupation of mind and hand and heart with the next thing to do, will save us from the intoxication of remote fancies and unverifiable dreams. If we can find no communication between us and the Eternal this side of the Mahabharata, let us go for it there. I have sought and found consolation and comfort in its weird pages but I will not swap it for Browning's "Ring and the Book" or for the prophets who have been able to pour into the life of the ages, the clamor of present day civilization, the wealth of insight and spiritual interpreting power born out of modern science, which with the poets and orators of today introduce to me the Divine graces.

Having taken sweet council together, send us forth, Father, each in his own way to find thee in the nearest duty, in the sweetest loves of the fireside, in the agonized groping of the world of today. Amen.

"Recanting previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at the back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, "There is no harm in it, taken moderately"; and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary." —*Kipling.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth Versus Science

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

VI.

Man's First Home

Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands. —*Psalm VIII:6*

A picture of our fore-elders, the Pithecanthropus Alalus, speechless man-apes, painted for Haeckel on his sixtieth birthday by Gabriel Max, the great German historic and genre painter, would be a forceful introduction to this lesson. It is the artist's attempt to catch the scientist's guess. A mother squatting on the earth holds to her breast with maternal affection a babe. The father is rising laboriously to his feet and leaning rather heavily on the trunk of a fallen tree. We will learn to see beauty in this unit of the family and to appreciate the wistful apprehension and curiosity on the face of the embryonic man, and the affection of the mother for the dependent child.

We need not dwell on the myth side of man's first home as found in the Genesis story of Eden because it has been interpreted indirectly so often in this class. We will only note in passing that "Paradise" is a Persian word, Eden being the Semitic equivalent, the root of which is the same as our park or garden, all suggesting the early conception of the beginning of man's career on earth. This is significant psychologically because the folk-lore of nearly all peoples begins with a perfect world, borne out by the well established psychological fact that there is something in human experience that forgets the disagreeable and remembers the agreeable. We remember the joys not the hurts; we go backward to find the Golden Age. We will also note that the book of Genesis was not written until three or four hundred years after the prophecies of about the eighth century, the prophets apparently not knowing anything about Adam or Eve, though Ezekiel does speak of Paradise in an oratorical flight.

Keane, in his "Man Past and Present," believes that man must have had a single cradle-land, from which the peopling of the earth was brought about by migration, "not by independent developments from different species in so many independent geographical areas." He gives an authoritative word on the real first home of man. He says:

> The pliocene inhabitant of Java may in a sense be taken as the long sought-for "First Man"; and as it is not very probable that he can have had any undoubtedly human precursors elsewhere, the Indo-Malaysian intertropical lands may also with some confidence be regarded as the cradle of the human family. Ethnology thus at last acquires a probable starting point both for the dispersal of early man over the globe, and for the subsequent evolution of the human races in their respective zones of specialization.

He shows that trinil man was found in a part of the world where a mild climate prevailed, on the margin of water, land and air, in the Indian ocean which is shallow and recent. He speaks of the "Age of the Three Rulers in China":

When people lived in caves, ate wild fruits and uncooked food, drank the blood of animals and wore the skins of wild beasts (our Stone Age). Later they grew less rude, learned to obtain fire by friction, and built themselves habitations of wood or foliage (our early Neolithic Age). Thus is everywhere revealed the background of sheer savagery, which lies behind all human culture, while the "Golden Age" of the poet fades with the "Hesperides" and Plato's "Atlantis" into the region of the fabulous.

In connection with man's experience in home building there are three fundamental words, representing the three stages of man's prehistoric home, Arboreal, Troglodyte and Lacustrian.

Arboreal, pertaining to trees. The higher ape life and the more primitive man found in tropical climates, Africa and the Islands of the Sea, are still found making their lodgment in trees, for safety if for no other reason. We call the ape family quadromano, four-handed, the ape in its higher development instead of four feet has four hands, the hind limbs being furnished with efficient toes for climbing. These apes are necessarily vegetarian, living on nuts, fruit and roots.

Troglodyte. When man came on to the ground, and was obliged to make weapons with which to snare the birds, hook the fish, etc., and for protection used the stone hatchet, he became more and more a land man and the cave became his shelter.

But our new chapter is on the last word *Lacustrian* pertaining to the lake dwellers who are much more modern than the cave and tree dwellers. But all men have not passed through the three stages. The Lacustrian is far the latest, reaching down to perhaps a thousand years before Jesus. The lake relics are neolithic; that is the stone implements are polished, of various designs. Bronze and ivory implements are also found, passing over into the bronze and on to the margin of the iron age.

One of an interesting little series of science books issued in the '80's is entitled "Man Before Metals," written by N. Joly, professor on the science faculty of Toulouse, published in 1883, perhaps an old book of science but containing a chapter on the Lake Dwellers based on first-hand study made in Switzerland, giving facts now well established.

It was during the winter of 1853-54, at an epoch when the waters of the Lake of Zurich had fallen to the lowest level they are ever known to have attained, that Keller observed near Obermeilen the first piles, which led to so many important discoveries and such remarkable strides in the science of archaeology.

The result was that under the water were discovered vast fields of piles upon which were built villages, towns, communities, and in the refuse at the bottoms of the lakes, the remains of this life were found: tools of bronze, flint, bone and iron, pottery, human skulls and the remains of wild and domestic animals. On the shores of a lake made by recent deposits it was comparatively easy to plant piles and build homes which meant a fair degree of safety from the menace of wild animals. Joly writes:

By the help of the ruins which remain beneath the waters, let us endeavor to reconstruct in imagination these ancient dwellings, which a well-known savant, for once mistaken, asserted to have been built and inhabited by beavers.

He carries on the description in detail, dimensions, probable manner of construction, manner of roofing, trapdoor entrance, etc. The number of these habitations is estimated at 200 in Switzerland alone, and each village composed of an average of 300 huts.

In the east of Switzerland the lake cities disappear with the age of stone; in the west they last until the iron age. . . . Certain authors assign an age of 5,000 and even of 7,000 years to the oldest lake cities, whose construction would thus be anterior to that of Nineveh and Babylon. Troyon makes them date from 2,000 years before our era, that is eight to ten centuries before the Trojan war.

The harvests from the lake dwellings of the stone age are very similar to those found in the caves of the neolithic age, but much richer in many respects. Not only are there found polished tools, grindstones, saws, knives, scissors, arrows, harpoons, curved needles, weaving shuttle, etc., but remains of fauna and flora. These articles as well as the half carbonized cereals, seeds and fruit are believed to owe their preservation to the peat under which they are buried.

Lake city remains are not confined to Switzerland but are found in Italy, Austria, Hungary, Pomerania, France and Savoy. It is generally admitted that these cities were more than once destroyed by fire. This reminds us that fire was perhaps man's first conquest and his first business was to keep it going. The coming of fire as told in the early myth of Prometheus's sympathy for shivering mortals and his punishment by the gods as traitor, is a pathetic one. Fire tending was the first function of religion and today in liturgical churches will be found perpetual fire at the altar.

The history of the rise of modern architecture may well begin with the hut making of these early people. The Egyptian found bamboo growing on the banks of the Nile convenient to his uses. The Greeks used stone pillars but grooved them to look like bamboo. The problem of primitive man as of modern man, was how to shelter his family. It has been growing all along until now we have a palace at one end of the line and the hut and slum at the other. Civilization cannot progress much farther until radical steps are taken to rid its cities of bad housing.

Osborn has gone into the scientific evolution, the psychic development of the tree man and his ancestors. He says:

Elliot Smith observes that the arboreal mode of life of the early ancestors of man developed quick, alert, and agile movements which stimulated the progressive development of the posterior and lateral portions of the brain. The sense of smell had been well developed in a previous terrestrial life, but once these creatures left the earth and took to the trees, guidance by the olfactory sense was less essential, for life amidst the branches of the trees is most favorable to the high development of the senses of vision, touch and hearing. Moreover, it demands an agility and quickness of movement that necessitate efficient motor centres in the brain to co-ordinate and control such action as tree life calls for. The specialization of sight awakens curiosity to examine objects with greater minuteness and guides the hands to more precise and skilled movements.

The anatomy of man is full of remote reminders of this original arboreal existence, which also explains the very large and early development of the posterior portions of the brain, in which the various senses of sight, touch, and hearing are located.

With this degree of development Lacustrian man succeeded in evolving an interesting life. We see man slowly coming to be the possessor of the world. With his brain, sympathy, love and affection, he has con-

quered the lion, tamed the wolf, hitched the horse and made of the cow a foster mother of civilization. In this story we will find inspiration, poetry, drama and art.

QUESTIONS

(1) What three words represent the three stages of man's prehistoric home? Define.
(2) What does the study on Lake Dwellers in Switzerland show us?
(3) When did these Lake Dwellers live?
(4) Trace growth of shelter for man.

The Creation Poem

In 1911 Mr. Charles Dawson, an eminent geologist, was cutting through a gravel bed at a place called Piltdown, in Sussex. The bed was situated between two branches of the river Ouse. Let us watch him as he works. First, he cuts through about one foot of ordinary surface soil. Secondly, through yellow sand loam for about two feet six inches. Next follows eighteen inches of dark brown gravel. Below it is eight inches of yellow clay. We need not go further, for at the bottom of the gravel and above the yellow clay, in a kind of big pocket, he found a human skull, and a jaw-bone, and a human tooth. Round these bones were the fossil remains of different animals, but not the animals that one would expect. For the bones included those of the rhinoceros, and of the hippopotamus, and of the woolly elephant or mammoth. What can it mean? There in quiet Sussex where the wildlest animals today are the hare or the partridge, to find the bones of the hippopotamus! How could they get there across the sea?

To answer this question we must go back for some two hundred thousand years. We must go back to a time when England and Ireland were not islands, but were part of the Continent of Europe, which then included even Iceland, and when what is now the English Channel was a broad valley through which a river ran. It was the same with the Irish Channel, and where the North Sea tosses its waves today was a great tract of land, through which the rivers Rhine and Elbe flowed right into the Arctic Ocean. Then, the same tribe of early men lived in Kent and Sussex by the rivers Thames and Ouse, and in what we now call France by the rivers Marne and Somme. In view of what is happening on the Somme today, it is interesting to note that there was a time in the distant past when the men of the Ouse and Somme formed one tribe. At that time wild animals roamed over the whole earth from China to Iceland; and from Africa to the Arctic Ocean; for then there was no Mediterranean Sea, and Africa was joined to Europe.

Subsequently volcanic and glacial disturbances changed the character of much of the earth's surface, and after the last Ice Age the Europe of modern days had come into being. There were men on the earth before this happened, and they lived through this awful period of terrestrial disturbance. It is a marvelous story this history of the development of man. We sometimes read of primitive man as though he were only a strong savage animal whose brain developed later. As far as I can read, I think it is truer to say that God developed man's brain first, and that it was owing to his growing brain than man first learned to use his hand, the use of which is one of the things that separates man from the rest of creation, and contains the secret of the progress of humanity. "This also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

When we try to realize the long history of humanity we say with St. Peter: "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" and we remember the words of the old Psalmist: "For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday." At one end of the human story we have primitive man—the Piltdown man; at the other end we have Jesus Christ! Primitive man had a hard fight for existence. We watch him chipping flints into spear-heads and hammers. Then he steadily pushed onward and upward. A great advance was made when he realized the difference between right and wrong, and having done so became a moral being. So man kept on advancing until he was ready for the final lesson.—*Archdeacon of Down in Christian World Pulpit.*

Democracy and Friction

A special merit claimed for autocratic government is that "it runs smoothly" without the friction inseparable from parliamentary rule and every other form of democracy. Divided opinion leads to irresolute action; only an autocrat can be absolutely resolute. This fact must be admitted, but that absence of friction is a real advantage must be denied. An autocrat may decide any proposition once for all, on any ground he pleases. But this is no safeguard against a wrong decision.

In a democracy the people must be consulted at all stages, the administration must keep open books and be prepared to justify itself at every point. In Great Britain, where Parliament is supreme, the administration itself is changed whenever a lack of confidence is voted. In the United States, executives and legislators are alike chosen for fixed terms. This gives them a certain stability for the time, but in the end every question must be referred back to the final judgment of the people. All this involves the risk of divided opinion and sudden changes of policy, with a chance of cross purposes in critical times. Cross purposes, however, are safer than arbitrary decisions. Affairs run smoothly when criticism has been paralyzed or silenced.

Any form of unchecked rule turns toward selfish purposes. No autocrat ever yet escaped the pitfalls of unlimited power. No man, great or small, can safely "take the law into his own hands," for in private hands it ceases to be law. Under personal (that is therefore irresponsible) rule a nation becomes a derelict on the political sea. The fact that its machinery runs smoothly will not keep a ship off the rocks. However crude the rule of the "ungraded mass," we may depend on it for a keen lookout. Democracy learns from its own mistakes, which a dynasty seems fated never to do. Friction serves as a warning bell against policies which may be inadequate, headlong or unjust. D. S. J.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

CHICAGO'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

St. Paul's on the Midway is the way it is spoken of now. It used to be St. Paul's on Prairie Ave., and before that, St. Paul's on Michigan Ave. Three splendid steps forward. This time, under masters of vision and of affairs, this historic church, which had no small part in laying the foundations of best things in Chicago, is to take its place as one of the dynamic forces for human betterment, equipped with a practically perfect plant, in which the Woodlawn Church is united with St. Paul's.

The first of the new group of buildings has just been dedicated, and the picture which the architect shows of what is to be, reveals that there has been an artist's thinking back of this great doing. Of course we shall have pictures and full descriptions later, revealing what large resources, when directed by the wise and loyal in unselfish service, can do for and with a Universalist church.

This bit of description from the architect will serve as a suggestion of what is to be: "The new Sunday school and Community Hall which was just dedicated is the first building finished for the new group, which will include, when completed, the church edifice, the library, deanery and dormitory, located on the Midway in Chicago. These buildings are directly south of the university, all of which is situated on what was known during the World's Fair as the Midway Plaisance.

"These buildings are built in the style of the old colonial churches of New England, red brick with white trimmings, and will be clustered around an open lawn. It was the desire of the building committee that they should be carried out in the spirit that characterized the simplicity of the old St. Paul's Church, which was the first Universalist church in Chicago, long since torn down.

"The first floor contains a series of small rooms for the Sunday school classes, offices, social society rooms, shower and lockers, kitchen and dining room, necessary in carrying out the activities of the modern church. Over this is a large room called the Community Hall, which is to be used for larger gatherings or amateur dramatics, physical culture and various community activities that take place in this section of the city. This building is connected with the church proper and the library building, which is to be used for the Ryder Divinity School."

The significance of this mighty enterprise is far-reaching. It means for Chicago a beautiful central Universalist church which will awaken the pride of all, and challenge to service. For the entire West it will mean a gathering place for individuals, groups and great congregations, and its influence will be felt throughout all that region, where the smallest church in the smallest village will partake of the greatness of that Chicago group. For our whole church throughout the world we hardly dare to prophesy the future; but it is not impossible that the power station of Universalism may feel the lure of the live, progressive and aggressive forces which see visions of a Universalist Church great enough to meet and serve the great opportunity of this great age. —*From Universalist Leader of Feb. 2, 1918.*

WILL WORKINGMEN REBEL IF SALOONS ARE CLOSED?

Great Britain reduced the amount of liquor that might be produced during the war—but recently increased the quantity, because, it was alleged, the workingman wanted more booze.

The result was that the leaders of labor protested against this excuse for pleasing BREWERS rather than WORKINGMEN.

In Clydebank, close to Glasgow—a thoroughly industrial city, with ship building as its chief industry—the people decided to have an unofficial referendum on the liquor question.

All inhabitants above 16 years of age were asked to vote. *And how did the "election" go? There were* 10,068 *ballots cast—and* 8,207 *were marked for prohibition!*

Every workingman in Great Britain —and millions of them in the United States—knows WILL CROOKS, M. P., who made the biggest kind of a fight against poverty—and won out. Today he's a labor representative in the house of Commons. Here's what he said about the workingmen protesting against cutting down the quantity of booze:

"They say the workingmen will revolt! WHO SAYS? Not the workingmen."

And here are some more protests from prominent labor leaders:

W. STRAKER, *secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association*: "We have got to choose whether we will have bread or beer—we cannot have both. We have been told the Governmen is afraid the workingmen would resist prohibition. I repudiate the slander."

THOMAS RICHARDS, M. P., *secretary of the South Wales Miners' Federation*: "Absolute prohibition of the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors in any form is essential. I am satisfied that neither the fear of the consequences to those in the trade, nor the loss of their beer, will now have any appreciable effect upon the workingmen of this country."

ROBERT STEWART, J. P., *president of the Scottish Wholesale Co-operative Society, one of the largest workingmen's organizations in Scotland*: "At the Scotch Co-operative Congress,

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with workingmen delegates from all parts of Scotland, including the Clyde and mining districts, out of 845 votes cast, over 800 were for prohibition."

The British Trades Union Congress has about four million members—almost twice as many as the American Federation of Labor. Most of the delegates attending the annual meetings of the Congress are members of the *"Labor Officials' Temperance Fellowship"*—so is practically every labor member in the House of Commons. This Fellowship stands for total abstinence for its members and is working for meeting places for labor unions which are free from the influence of the saloon.

British workingmen have learned that drink and the saloon are great hindrances to the progress of the people, and, together with the workers of the rest of the world, they will some day destroy the entire liquor traffic.

The workingmen of America will not be slackers in this world-movement!

If you believe that the traffic in Alcohol does more harm than good—*help stop it!* —*Charles Stelzle.*

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